

## Vignettes

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Summary: A series of shippy vignettes... If you don't like Sam and Jack, don't read!

## Vignettes

I do not own pretty much anything in this story: the characters, or the line "You wear cammies under your cammies?" I love feedback, so send some my way!

Jack sat on a folding chair in the infirmary. He gazed at the still frame lying on the bed. She was almost as white as the sheets. Oh, Sam, he reflected. Why...His thoughts were interrupted by the arrival of a petite brunette in a white lab coat. "Oh, hi Doc." Doctor Janet Frasier rested her hand on Jack's shoulder. "How is she?" "She's still not moving." Janet flinched at the sheer pain in Jack's voice. "Why don't you try talking to her?" Janet suggested. Jack looked up from Sam for the first time since Janet had entered the room. "What?" he asked. "You should try talking to her," the doctor repeated. "She can hear you." Jack looked back down at Sam's motionless form. From his silence, Janet realized that whatever he had to say did not require an audience. She quietly slipped from the room. Jack felt, rather than heard, the doctor leave. "Hey, kid," he said softly. "It's me, Jack." He had half expected her to answer. He was disappointed when she didn't, but went on. "This is hard for me to say, Sam, so just hear me out. I'm really sorry." He paused again. "Oh, God," Jack breathed. He brushed a lock of short blond hair from Sam's pale forehead. "You look so..." He stopped as a salty tear traced down his cheek. He swallowed hard and continued. "I'm so sorry," he repeated. "If I had gone through the Stargate first, then you wouldn't be in here. I tried to protect you, and I failed. I'm sorry. But mostly I'm sorry... This is going to sound selfish, so bear with me. I'm sorry I wasted all those chances to tell you I love you. I do, and I never told you, and I'm sorry. I'm telling you now, though. I love you, Sam. I love you. I don't know if you can hear me - Janet told me you could, but I don't know. I don't know if I'll ever be able to tell me you love me and know that you hear me. That's what I'm sorriest about." He took her limp hand in his, and let tears

wash over him.

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Dear Diary, Finally, I'm home, after a week in that stupid infirmary. Well, more than a week, if you count the coma. I don't really remember the coma, except voices. His voice, especially. I'm pretty sure I was dreaming. Do you dream in comas? You must. What I heard couldn't be real. He's my CO. He doesn't think about me like that. The voices must have been a dream. But I wish they were real. It's hell to be around him every day. I want so much to tell him. But he's my CO. You don't just go up to your CO and say, "Sir, I love you." If I did that, I'd make a fool of myself. And then, I'd be transferred out of SG-1. And I don't want that. This way, I at least see him every day. But I heard his voice. I heard him say, "I love you." It was probably a dream, but what if it was real?

\* \* \* Sam was cuddled into a blanket on her couch, watching TV, when the buzzer rang. She made her way slowly to the intercom, favoring her injured leg. "Hello?" "It's me," came Jack's voice out of the speaker. "I thought I'd check on you. Want to let me up?" A couple minutes later, Jack pushed open the front door and came to sit beside Sam on the couch. He handed her a paper Starbucks cup, and took a sip from his own. "How are you doing, your first day back at home?" "I'm okay," Sam replied after swallowing her coffee. "I wasn't sure if I should've come..." "No, I'm glad you did," she interrupted. There was a long pause. "Do you remember anything about when you were unconscious?" Jack asked abruptly. "What?" "Do you remember anything from the coma," he clarified. "Oh." Sam paused. "Kind of." "What do you mean by 'kind of'?" Jack asked when he realized she wasn't going to continue. "Well... I heard voices. Janet, and Daniel, and Teal'c, and the General... but mostly you," she admitted. Jack smiled. "I talked to you a lot," he confessed. "What did you talk about?" Sam asked, turning slightly to face him. "I... I apologized a lot," he said after some thought. "Jack, it's not your fault that I went through the Stargate first." "Well, to tell you the truth, that's not all I apologized for." Sam thought she caught a glimpse of pink rise in Jack's cheeks. "Well," she prompted. "I apologized..." Jack looked down. When he raised his head, he looked straight into Sam's eyes. "I apologized for wasting all those opportunities to tell you how I felt about you." Sam opened her mouth, as if to speak, then closed it. She took a sip of her rapidly-cooling coffee. "Sam..." He paused as they both realized the meaning behind him using her first name. "Sam, I love you." He stood up and took a step towards the door. "Stop." Sam stood up. "Jack, wait." "I'm sorry," he interrupted. "That was out of line. I - you called me Jack." "Jack," she repeated. "You have no idea how long I've wanted to hear you say that." He stepped towards her and brushed a tear off her cheek with his knuckle. "Jack, I love you too." They leaned towards each other and their lips met.

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Dear Diary, He loves me. He said so. Then he kissed me. This must be a dream. Stuff like this just doesn't happen in real life. How often does the guy of your dreams tell you he's been in love with since he met you? We talked for hours. I thought I knew him pretty well, after all I've known him for years. But I didn't. He told me all about how he felt when Charlie died - he never talks about that! He told me about the Abydos mission. He told me about Sara. He said he had thought he was in love with her long past the time he had stopped. He

told me about his family. And I told him everything about me, too. It was incredible! He only kissed me twice. The first time was right after I told him I loved him. I will never forget that moment. Then he said something like, "If I do that again, I'm not going to be able to stop, and you're still injured." It was so sweet. And then we curled up on the couch and talked. It was past midnight when he left. That's when he kissed me again. I asked him to stay for the night, but he told me I needed to rest and recover. God, it feels like a dream... but it's real. He said he loved me!

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Jack walked into a small Italian restaurant in Colorado Springs. From the door, he scanned the room full of people. Sam sat at a small table in the corner, looking into a glass of water. He smiled and made his way over to her. "Hi," he said softly. She started and looked up. "Hi." She smiled brightly. "For a minute I wasn't sure you were going to come." Jack sat in the wrought-iron chair across from her. "How could I miss a chance to have dinner with the most beautiful woman in the world?" "Oh, nice line," she scoffed. He caught her hand. "It's not a line." She really did look beautiful. Her simple black dress had a long skirt and spaghetti straps. The low neck showed just a hint of cleavage. Her short hair was even more golden than usual, and her large blue eyes sparkled. She blushed and smiled. "So... our first real date. This is weird." Jack nodded. "I've thought about this happening so many times..." "Me, too," Sam agreed. "I never thought it would really happen." They were silent for a moment. The waiter came over and asked if they wanted anything to drink. "I'll have a beer," Jack replied. "Um, a glass of white wine for me." Jack tried to think of an icebreaker. "You know, this used to be so much easier." "What did?" "Talking to you. It was easier when I was admiring you from afar." "Admiring me from afar, sir?" Sam grinned. "Hey, we're on a date, here. Shouldn't you call me Jack?" "I guess. Sorry, this is a bit weird. Even after the other night..." "Yeah. The other night. Listen, was that inappropriate of me? Just coming out and saying 'I love you' like that?" "No!" Sam replied vehemently. "No. I wish you'd done it earlier. Or that I had. We wasted all that time..." Jack smiled. "I do love you, Sam." "I love you too, Jack."

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The waiter put a tiny cup of espresso in front of each of them, and placed a serving of tiramasu in the middle of the table. He left silently. Sam raised her cup to her lips and took a small sip. "Oh, god," she sputtered. "This is stronger than Daniel's coffee!" Jack smiled. He spooned up a bit of the dessert and reached over so it was near Sam's lips. "Here, drown the taste out with this." She leaned over and accepted the bite. "Umm, this is fantastic." "The tiramasu or the date?" Jack asked with a grin. "Both," she replied. They smiled at each other over the table for several moments. "What do you say we get out of here?" Jack asked, breaking the now-comfortable silence. "What do you mean?" Sam asked demurely. "Well, I could drop you off at your apartment... or, if you wanted, you could come to my place." He held his breath, hoping he hadn't gone too far. Her smile told him all he needed to know.

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Sam woke up slowly when she realized there was no one lying beside

her in the queen-sized bed. She stretched before getting up. Not wanting to put on her dress, she stole a white dress shirt from Jack's closet. It barely came to her thighs. She smelled something good wafting through the air, so she made her way to the kitchen. Jack stood in front of the stove, wearing camouflage boxers and a black T-shirt. "You wear cammies under your cammies, Jack?" she asked. He looked up at her. "Oh, you're up. I didn't want to wake you; you look so cute when you're asleep. Want some breakfast?" He gestured with a spatula to the pile of pancakes on a platter beside the stove. "Sure." Sam sat down at the kitchen table, which was set with plates, coffee cups, butter, and maple syrup. Jack brought the platter over and sat down. He put two pancakes on Sam's plate and three on his own. Sam slathered hers with butter and poured maple syrup over top. After taking a bite, she said, "Hey, how come you never make these on missions? They're excellent!" He smiled. "Thanks. I don't want to deprive Daniel of his 'chicken.'" There was silence as he took a bite. "Listen, Sam, about last night..." Sam tensed up. Was this it? Was he going to give her a line like, "We made a mistake and it shouldn't happen again"? "It was great," he continued, "And I want to keep seeing you. But if anyone on base finds out, we're toast." She relaxed, but only a bit. "I know. It's a total no-no to sleep with your commanding officer. But, the truth is, I don't want to give up on us." She smiled. "I was afraid just now that you were going to blow me off." Jack grabbed her hand. "I would never do that. I love you, remember?" "I know. I love you too." She speared a piece of pancake with her fork. "I guess we should just keep quiet about this." "Exactly," he agreed. "On base we have to go back to being 'Carter' and 'Sir' if we want to avoid a court martial. I'd love to tell the whole world how lucky I am, but that would mean killing your career." "I understand. Thank you, Jack." She checked the clock on the stove. "It's getting late, and I have to go home before going in to the base. Do you mind if I go shower?" Jack looked behind him to check the time. "It's not that late. How 'bout I join you?"

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Sam sat on a bed in the infirmary. She, and the rest of SG-1 had been on leave for the past month, and Dr. Frasier wanted to check them out before they went on their next mission. The past month had been heaven. She and Jack had spent most of the time at his house, behaving like a normal engaged couple, with no worries about court-martial, or anything else. "Well, Janet?" she said when the doctor re-entered the room. "Sam, is there something you're not telling me?" Janet asked, ignoring Sam's question. "What do you mean?" Sam asked, confused. "What's going on? Am I sick?" "No, you're not sick." Janet took a deep breath. "You're pregnant." Thoughts rushed through Sam's mind at lightning speed. Oh, my God...What's going to happen...How am I going to tell Jack? That was the one that occurred the most. "Oh, my God..." She clutched at Janet's arm. "How far along am I?" "Just a couple weeks. Sam, who's the father?" "What?" "Who's the father?" Janet repeated patiently. "Sam, I thought we were friends. Have you been seeing anyone?" Sam stood up. "Janet... Please understand when I tell you I can't tell you. I'm sorry. I have to go." She fled from the room before Janet could catch her.

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She found Jack in his office, preparing for the mission. "Sir," she said quietly. They were on base, after all. He looked up, slightly

startled. "Yeah, Carter?" They were on base. "Request permission to skip this mission, sir." "Why?" He looked into her eyes, concerned. "A personal problem, sir." He walked up to her and put his hand on her shoulder. He wanted to hold her tight, but knew there was the possibility of someone seeing them. "Sam," he whispered. "Can't you tell me?" A tear fell from her cheek onto his hand. He barely heard the words; "I'm pregnant." He pulled her into a real embrace then, not caring who saw.

\* \* \*

Sam stepped into General Hammond's office. "Sir? May I have a word?" "Of course, Major." He gestured for her to sit down, but she shook her head. "What is this about?" "Sir, I'd like to resign my commission." Hammond was shocked. "May I ask why?" "I'm sorry, Sir, but I can't tell you." "Why not, Major?" "I can't tell you that either." "I could order you to." "I'm aware of that, Sir." "But you can't tell me." "No, Sir." "Then I'm afraid I cannot accept your resignation." "But, General Hammond..." "When the rest of SG-1 gets back on-planet, I'd like to see you and Colonel O'Neill. You are dismissed, Major." She saluted him, turned on her heel, and left.

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Jack walked into Hammond's office, feeling quite nervous. The General had said he wanted to see him after Dr. Frasier checked him out. Sam was already there, standing at attention. Hammond sat behind his desk. "Colonel O'Neill," the General greeted him. Jack saluted. "General, might I ask what this is about?" "While you and SG-1 were off-planet, Major Carter asked me to accept her resignation." Jack stiffened. He resisted looking at Sam. "Excuse me, Sir?" "I did not accept." By this point Jack was extremely confused. Sam had tried to resign, but Hammond wouldn't let her? "I asked for an explanation as to why she was resigning, but was not given one. That is why I could not accept." Of course she hadn't given him a reason. What was she supposed to have said? "My commanding officer and I fell in love, please don't court-martial us"? Sam spoke up for the first time. "Sir, this has nothing to do with Colonel O'Neill." Jack turned to face her. "It has everything to do with me," he contradicted. "I can fight my own battles, Colonel." "You shouldn't have to." Jack turned back to the General. He opened his mouth, but Hammond began speaking before Jack could say a word. "Despite what the two of you might wish, I am not a stupid man. I have eyes. I know what's going on." Sam and Jack resisted the urge to look at each other guiltily. "Maybe I'm petty, but I want to hear you say it." Now Sam and Jack did look at each other. "Sir..." they both said at the same time. Sam was the one to continue. "Sir, Colonel O'Neill and I are in love." The General's expression did not change, but Jack had a feeling Hammond was grinning internally. "All right. Major Carter, I accept your resignation." Sam stood up rigidly. "Thank you, Sir," she replied with considerable stiffness. "Wait. Now I have a vacancy on my best team. I would like to re-hire you as a civilian expert on the Stargate." Her mouth dropped. "Thank you, Sir." "You're welcome, Dr. Carter." She left the room, leaving Jack alone with the General. "Colonel? I just have one question." "Yes, Sir?" "How long has this been going on?" "About six months, Sir." "Damn. Teal'c won the bet."

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End  
file.